Tempora et Mores

1944

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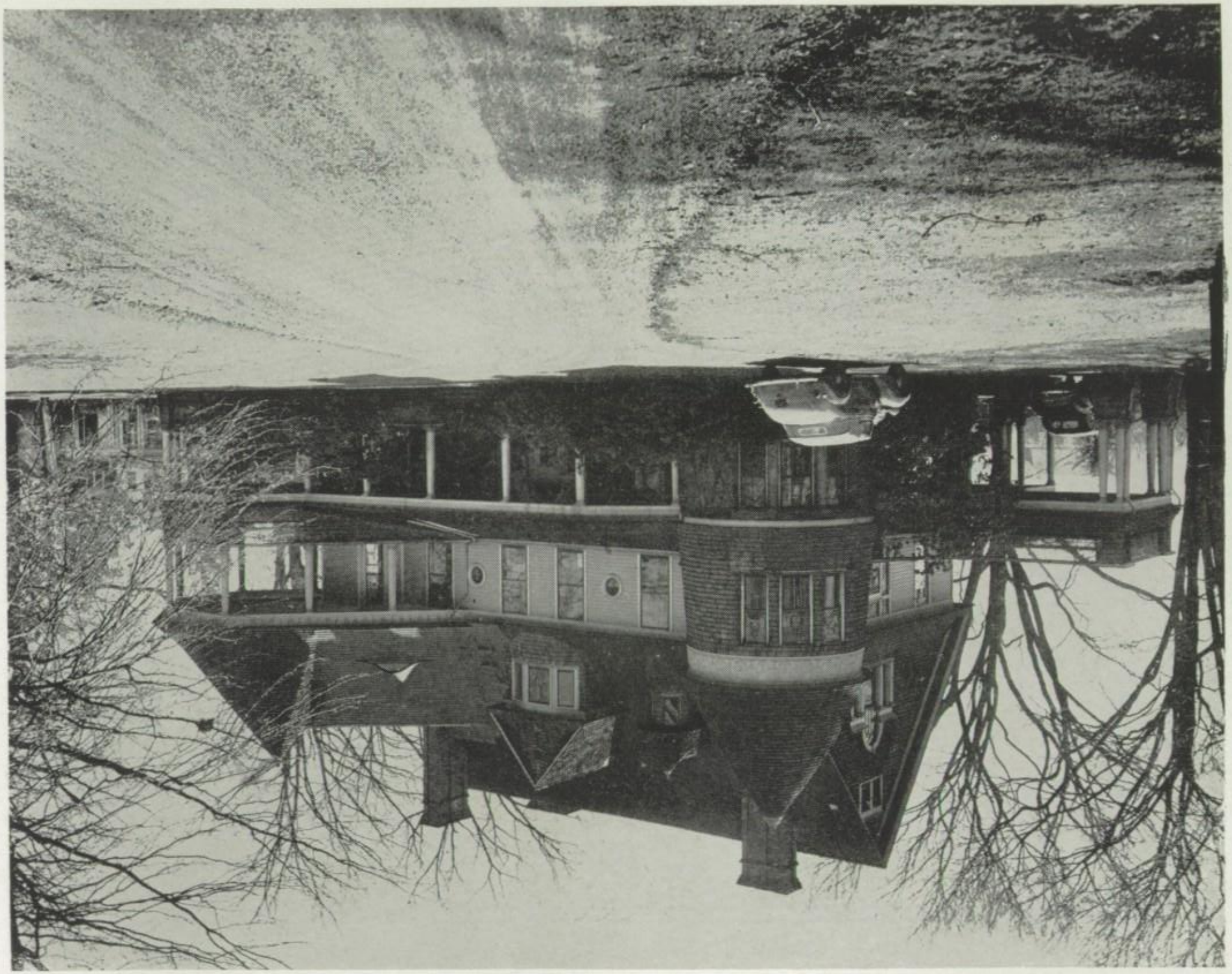
TEMPORA

ET

MORES



Carol dear,
you're
a swell worker
- just wish
I could be with
you next year for
the little "talks"
Regards dear -
the Good Looks
Love,
Audrey

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Have waiting to
greet your Super
children
Elizabeth Colie

To Miss Colie, whose inspiring teaching, sense of fun, unfailing sympathy and understanding make her classes a joy throughout the year, we, the class of 1944, *affectionately dedicate our Annual.*

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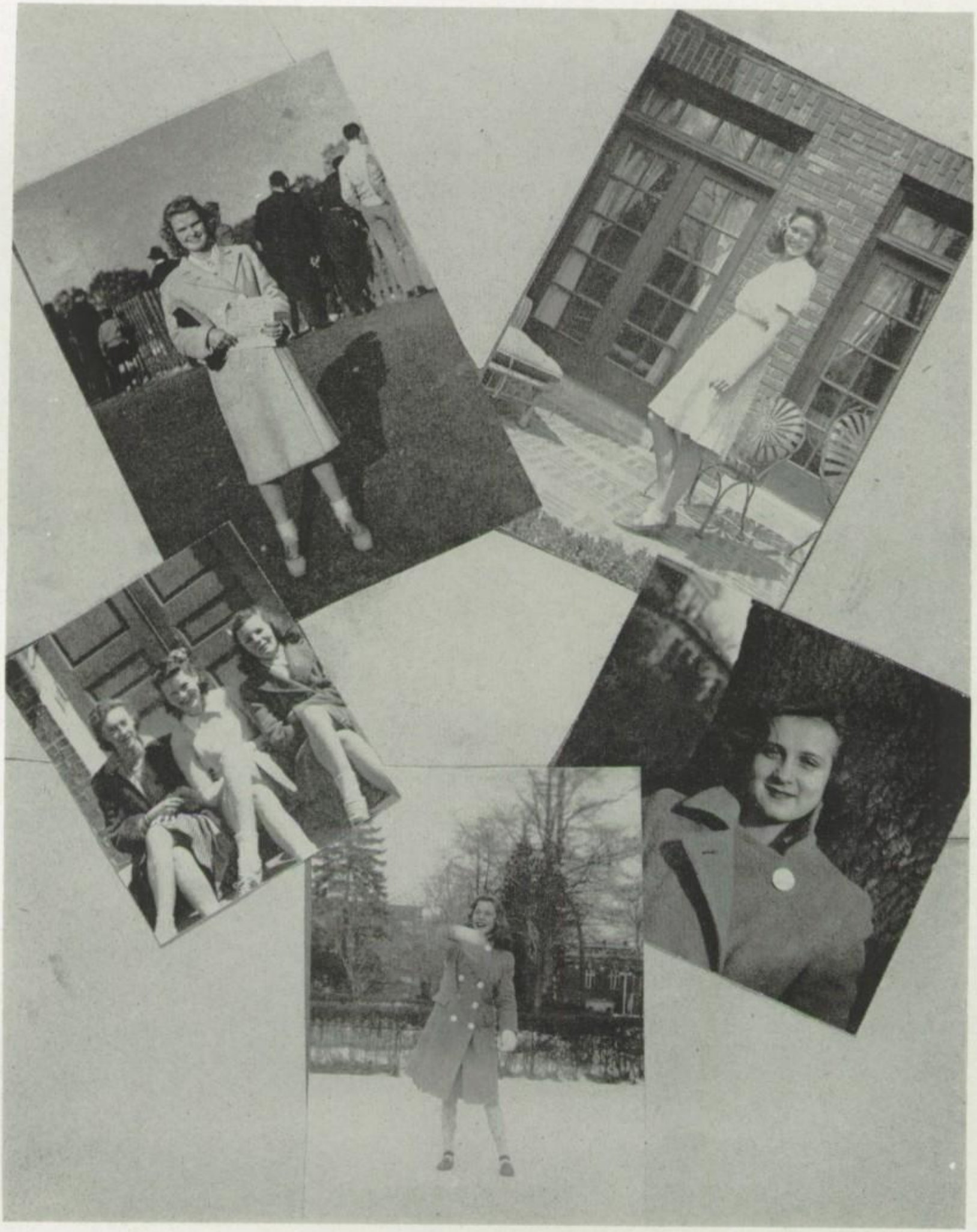
IN MEMORIAM

FREDERICK R. M. COLES

January 16, 1944



SENIORS

Class History

Only two of the illustrious Senior Class, Beverly Braverman and Nanny Brokaw, learned to tie their shoes in the Hartridge kindergarten. When Mrs. Hubbard was struggling to cram *Peter Rabbit* into their heads in the first grade, a chubby little blonde with bangs, Mel Leggett, descended upon us. The next six years elapsed with no new recruits. In the sixth grade the only addition was our scientist, Joann Pierce, noted for her friendliness and dependability. The first academic presented us with a tornado, Norma Finninger, who proceeded to steal all our men in dancing school, and Marcia Van Deventer, who broke into our sanctum. Marcia was filled with ambitions to become a second Sister Kenny and to own a houseful of cats. She immediately swept into every science class, and Miss Colie has never recovered. When we were in the second academic, Marian Vans-Agnew, the independent girl with a terrific English accent, came and brought additional brains and sophistication to our class. How would assemblies have ever survived without Evelyn Jacob? From the moment she joined us in 1940, she has been introducing speakers, playing marches, and altogether managing things very well. We had all settled down to a peaceful year with no new members when Mary Alice Young, breathless yet dignified, burst in upon the third academic scene. The next year Barbara Browne came up to our ranks from the fourth academic. Besides welcoming her sense of humor, we were glad to get her away from those IV's! Now see who won most of the class games! Lois Lippincott, bringing a Camay complexion and a strong tendency to giggle, added the perfect finishing touch to our Senior Class.

This completes the picture of a wonderful class—at least we Seniors think so!

BEVERLY GRACE BRAVERMAN

"Bev" "Beaver"

1433 Evergreen Avenue
Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1931 Wellesley

Husky voice, eyelashes that curl, and a certain languid sophistication—all this and brains too belong to Beaver! She is the girl who appears to be wide awake although she has had only five hours sleep, who gets those cleaning spells and the Senior Room is never the same, and whose records are our only source of joy during the long, long day. She crashes through with red roses from the Navy, long distance telephone calls from California, and yet her renowned knack for getting high marks never fails! Her eye technique puts Mati Hari to shame, and when she flashes that smile—anything can happen. We know!

Chairman of the Lunch Room Committee, '44; Student Head of Red Cross,'44; Head of the Community Service, '43; Captain of the White Team, '44; Class President, '43; Class Secretary, '42; Business Manager of Annual, '44; White Hockey, '43, '44; Class Hockey, '40, '41, '42, '43, '44; Class Basketball, '41, '42; Secretary-Treasurer of Glee Club, '44; Glee Club, '40, '41, '42, '43, '44; Dramatic Club, '41, '42, '43, '44; *Eager Heart,* '42; *Pride and Prejudice,* '42; *Letters to Lucerne,* '43; *Stage Door,* '43; Archangel in *Holy Night,* '44; Hortensio in *The Taming of the Shrew,* '44

Dear Carol.
I will certainly miss you next year. You did such wonderful work in the back stage crew this year that Miss Goddard says shall have to reuse it next year so the work will be more evenly divided — Hmm —
Who was that cute boy I saw you at the movies with?
Love, Nanny

NANETTE BROKAW

"Nannie" "Spook"

176 Rockview Avenue

Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1931 Smith

To all outward appearances, Nannie's talents are hidden; not that one doesn't immediately notice those green, green eyes and that wide, friendly smile, but Nannie has the most amazing humor and wit which pop up at the most unexpected moments. To give you a clearer picture: does anyone remember the time when our Nannie announced boldly to a person of some importance, "Either you go, or I go!" But certain things like her well-groomed hands, long legs, and alabaster skin, are distinguishable as Nannie's, whether she is in the throes of study hall, or is calming a riot in Art Club. If you ever have a free moment, just glance through that notebook of hers! I'll bet you'll find "artistic pixies" all over. Nannie may be shy, wild, solemn, hilarious, or wicked, but she's always original!

Art Club, '43; Art Club President, '44; Backstage Committee of Dramatic Club, '44; Library Committee, '43, '44; Class Hockey, '40, '41, '42, '43, '44; Class Basketball, '40, '41, '42, '43, '44; Varsity Hockey, '44.

Dear Carol,
Be a good
girl next
year. I
know you'll win
it - everyone puts
everything into it!
Good luck -
I'll miss you and
all your adorable
class. Thanks
again for the
cards - you were
swell to
do that -
loads of luck
Brownie

BARBARA JEAN BROWNE

"Brownie" "Barbie"

947 Mayfair Way
Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1940 Undecided

Turn the cover of the *Ladies' Home Journal* to a merry illustration of a golden girl; it's Brownie taken from life! She's perfect in a polo coat, a pair of shorts, or an evening dress. Affectionately called the madcap of the Senior Class, Brownie spends most of her time supplying Hartridge with the latest sayings, the hockey team with an ace center-forward, and her history class with an outstanding notebook. Not only is she fun to be with, but she has a never-ending stream of humor, sometimes witty, sometimes slapstick, but always sparkling. In fact, her whole effervescent personality exudes laughter and friendliness. I leave it to you; do you know anyone like Barbie?

Class Hockey, '40, '41, '42, '43, '44; Class Basketball, '40, '41, '42, '43, '44; Green Softball, '41, '42, '43, '44; Green Hockey, '42, '43, '44; Green Basketball, '42, '43, '44; Captain of the Green Team, '44; Varsity Basketball, '42, '43, '44; Varsity Hockey, '43, '44; Art Club, '42, '43, '44; Secretary-Treasurer of Art Club, '42; Class President, '40; Assistant Art Editor of Annual, '44.

Carol dear,

Your wonderful help and understanding with my temper has been wonderful and I certainly am going to miss you! Now keep that sparkling personality and that wonderful good humor the same.—

NORMA CHAMBERS FINNINGER

"Finn" "Norm"

1021 Prospect Avenue
Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1939 Smith

and I'll always love you! Bys dear. Norma

Who is that five-foot-one package of concentrated T.N.T. who whips into the Senior Room and keeps us laughing with her tall stories and dramatic descriptions? After distributing a stack of "warnings," who is it who stalks around declaring, "I'll never have any children!"? Why, of course, it's Norma, who's a top-notch actress, who keeps English A going with her original interpretations, and who enlivens history class with her inside information of the private lives of the French courtiers. Here is a girl who can put over "Take Me" even better than Helen O'Connell, although she swears she can't carry a tune. Norma has our gratitude for a well-organized Student Council, a successful Community Service Committee, and a constantly scintillating repartee.

President of the Student Council, '44; Chairman of the Community Service, '44; Literary Editor of Annual, '44; President of Dramatic Club, '43; President of the Art Club, '42; Class President, '42; Secretary-Treasurer of Art Club, '41; Varsity Hockey, '43, '44; Green Hockey, '41, '42, '43, '44; Class Hockey, '40, '41, '42, '43, '44; Class Basketball, '40, '41, '42; Green Softball, '41; Library Committee, '41, '42, '43, '44; Art Club, '41, '42, '43, '44; Dramatic Club, '41, '42, '43, '44; Marie in *Land of Heart's Desire,* '41; Persephone in *Persephone,* '41; Lydia in *Pride and Prejudice,* '42; Harriet in *Pullman Car Hiawatha,* '42; Bingo Hill in *Letters to Lucerne,* '43; Terry Randall in *Stage Door,* '43; Mad Priest in *Holy Night,* '44; Katharina in *The Taming of the Shrew,* '44.

Dearest Carol,
Gee, I wish
you had been in our
class with us! Wouldn't
we have had a wild time?
Well, you go on having a
good time next year and
know I have a very soft
spot in my heart for all (ho
two's - (Especially you!) B'st love,
Jake

EVELYN DOLORES JACOB

"Jake" "Lynn"

202 West Eighth Street
Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1940 Finch

Spirit—Zip! Evelyn has that Spanish sparkle whether at the piano or on the dance floor. Week-ends and catching trains on the split second are Jake's forte, and perfume her talisman. Yet she is not entirely the play girl, for with a firm hand she keeps the Assembly Committee under control, the proper flags where they belong, and the marches drummed out in perfect rhythm. She's gay, she's witty, she's constantly in and out of love. But be it Hartridge, Dartmouth, or elsewhere, Jake has the introductory card; she's a girl for fun!

Chairman of the Assembly Committee, '44; Photography Editor of Annual, '44; Class President, '44; Green Hockey, '42, '44; Class Hockey, '41, '42, '43, '44; Green Basketball, '43, '44; Varsity Basketball, '42, '44; Class Basketball, '40, '41, '42, '43, '44; Green Softball, '43, '44; Glee Club, '41, '42, '43, '44.

Dear little one, and I do mean Mygatt (ft.?) you are always doing something nice for someone, but they don't realize it because you do it in such an crazy way. Will you ever forget modeling hats? You looked darling in the tin can - & you some day in John Powers new studio and will wiggle our hips together. I used to be petrified of you, believe it or not, when you were little but now I'm not at all. I guess I know you better - Don't kill you many more by dangling that hair in front of them and dazzling them. Loads of love, Mel

MARY ELLEN LEGGETT

"Mel"

937 Oakwood Place
Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1932 Smith

If it weren't for Mel's unpredictable humor, her swift hockey shots, and her strong alto, Hartridge would have suffered a great loss. Moreover, where would the Service Committee have been without her organizing skill and amazing vitality? Although this crimson-cheeked member spends many busy week-ends cutting graceful capers at Iceland and seeing that certain members of the Armed Forces are well taken care of, she always appears bright and early Monday morning with all her work done. Yes, Mel with her sincerity, intelligence, and spirit for fun is one in a million. Certainly Smith could not refuse such a girl.

Athletic Association Representative, '42; President of Athletic Association, '44; Class Hockey, '40, '41, '42, '43, '44; White Hockey, '41, '42, '43, '44; Varsity Hockey, '42, '43, '44; Class Basketball, '40, '41, '42, '43, '44; White Basketball, '42, '43, '44; Varsity Basketball, '43, '44; White Softball, '42, '43; Glee Club, '40, '41, '42, '43, '44; Choir, '42, '43, '44.

LOIS ANN LIPPINCOTT

"Loie" "Loly"

726 Sheridan Avenue
Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1943 Middlebury

"Really, girls, I'm going to try this year," says a low, charming voice. "I am going to college." And everyone immediately knows it's Lois Lippincott, the girl with golden hair and Dresden complexion. Need she worry about college? No, for with her sweet smile, which even the driving examiner could not resist when she started the car in third, she should be accepted anywhere. What would the Senior Class have done without her infectious giggle that arises at the oddest times, her willowy figure draped gracefully over the Senior Room couch, and her lovely appearance as the Virgin Mary in the Christmas play? There's no alternative. You'd love her too.

Secretary-Treasurer of Class, '44; Class Hockey, '44; Dramatic Club, '44; Lucentio in *The Taming of the Shrew,* '44; Madonna in *Holy Night,* '44.

Dear Carol,

When I'm not chasing you for library dues (did I ever collect the last damn) I think yours is my sweet and just to look at your sweet lazy smiling face cheers up my sad gloomy days, keep on doing that and you'll always be loved by I love you Jo

JOANN PIERCE

"Jo"

803 Cedar Terrace
Westfield, New Jersey

Entered 1937 Cornell

Who is determined to have a career? Who is the sole possessor of the only decent dish towel in lab., and is willing to let everyone borrow it? Naturally, it is Joann. She's bright, and she's dependable, but don't believe that she's going to Cornell just to study. New York is within easy reach with its one and only Met, and Joann is irresistibly attracted by smooth bass voices and grey flannels. Barnegat Bay is equally attractive to her, and anyone who knows could tell you that she's an expert at the tiller of a sleek and temperamental sailboat. Whether she will become a naval architect or a chemical engineer is still a question, but we know that whichever field she chooses, she will certainly be a success.

Class Basketball, '43, '44; Class Hockey, '43, '44; Student Council Representative, '41, '42; Secretary-Treasurer of Student Council, '44; Glee Club, '43, '44; Library Committee, '43, '44; Treasurer of Library Committee, '43; Chairman of Library Committee, '44; Annual Board, '44.

Dear Card,
I won't argue with you but I still think my writing is cuter than yours - there is one thing I'm going to do & that's miss you all next year - don't even change 'cause you're cute now - work hard for the Grizzies next year & keep up the little spirit of the school-bel
Please don't hide your bicycle on the grass. Don't ever forget us - we'll never forget you
cute two's & how sweet you were to give us the wonderful cake-
Be good.
lots of love, Marcia

MARCIA LUDLOW VAN DEVENTER

"Mush" "Marsh"

814 Kensington Avenue
Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1939 St. Luke's Hospital

Her diamond-shaped face looks at us sternly. "I will *not* rewrite it. I will not do it again!" she states in her most determined voice, which is the joy and bane of the upper hall. Yes, it's Marcia enjoying the glory of freedom of speech! Don't let this frighten you, for underneath she is sincere, warm, and generous. If you ever need help, just ask Marsh and you'll never be disappointed. I'm warning you, though: if you tell her how cute she looks in those green hockey shorts when she is whizzing down the field, "Cut it" will be the immediate reply! I guess it's her unaffected modesty that makes her liked by all! Marsh—don't ever change!

Varsity Hockey, '44; Green Hockey, '44; Green Basketball, '44; Treasurer of Athletic Association, '44; Athletic Association Representative, '44; Chairman of Grounds and Traffic Committee, '44; Library Committee, '43, '44; Backstage Committee for Dramatic Club, '43, '44; Assistant Editor of Annual, '44; Class Hockey, '40, '41, '42, '43, '44; Class Basketball, '40, '41, '42, '43, '44; Green Softball, '42, '43.

Dear Carol,
you are the world's biggest flatterer,
but you're also one of the world's loveliest
kids, and I love you.
Marian

MARIAN NELSON VANS-AGNEW

"Vans-Agnew"

915 Kensington Avenue
Plainfield, New Jersey

Entered 1940 Barnard

"And what was happening in England at this time, Marian?" Yes, Marian knows, and the Senior history class breathes freely for the next few minutes as she continues to speak with her much-admired accent. A knowledge of English history is not her only accomplishment, for she can sing beautifully, face an audience with natural ease, and reel off an amazing amount of information of the opera. But Marian is not always the student—far from it. She has an effective way of evading sports, a gay smile which hides the spirit of the devil, and long, wavy brown hair which looks lovely even on the rainiest days. No wonder she receives numerous air-mail letters! Marian is a combination of propriety and impishness; England may well be proud of its representative at Hartridge.

Class Hockey, '42, '43, '44; Class Basketball, '42, '43; Student Council Representative, '44; Glee Club, '42, '43, '44; President of Glee Club, '44; Art Club, '42; Dramatic Club, '43, '44; Marian in *Letters to Lucerne,* '43; Bernice in *Stage Door,* '43; Baptista in *The Taming of the Shrew,* '44; Simon in *Holy Night,* '44; Editor of Annual, '44.

Dear Carol – I would have been lost this year without you kids to fool around with – It was more fun talking with you and learning the latest dope of the II's. – and all about life, – in general – Never lose your wonderful. wonderful disposition Carol – and that beautiful complexion. – and please – keep those fun loving, wild – raucous II's under control –! ... loads of love to you Carol – and I do want to see you sometimes

Bradford

"Brer Rabbit"

MARY ALICE YOUNG

"Brer Rabbit"

Stoneleigh Park

Westfield, New Jersey

Smiling serenely, she sits in a corner of the classroom with hands folded and not a pleat out of place. Then some hopeful teacher asks for her homework, and sweetly this Senior replies, "Well, to tell you the truth—." Yes, it's Brer Rabbit. We'd know her anywhere, with that calm assurance, those laughing eyes, and that wonderful, wonderful disposition. If you're tired and want to relax with someone, she's the perfect person. What would we ever do without Mary Alice's ready laughter, her knock-out themes, that marvelous acting ability, or for that matter, Mary Alice!

President of the Dramatic Club, '44; Vice-President of the Student Council, '44; Student Council Representative, '43; Assistant Literary Editor of the Annual, '44; Art Club, '42, '43; Glee Club, '43, '44; Class Hockey, '42, '43; Class Basketball, '42, '44; Dramatic Club, '41, '42, '43, '44; Captain Wickham in *Pride and Prejudice,* '42; Sister Fame in *Eager Heart,* '42; Olga in *Letters to Lucerne,* '43; Jean in *Stage Door,* '43; Bernada in *Holy Night,* '44; Bianca in *The Taming of the Shrew,* '44.

The Seniors Will Never Forget

1. The Great Compromise of 1943.
2. "But Miss ——, your mind is in the gutter."
3. "Where was 'Oh Say Can You See' this morning?"
4. The unfortunate match found by a member of the staff in the Senior Room.
5. The customary remark when the Seniors are unjustly surprised: "Oh, has study hall started?"
6. The Thursday mornings they have heard, "Now that we are not doing anything, how about brushing up on your current events?"
7. "Nice ladies don't yawn in class, do they, Nanette?"
8. "William, Norma, not Weeum."
9. "Well, do I have to play leapfrog in the hall?"
10. The last five minutes of civilization.
11. Those free, wild, happy, raucous luncheons at B.S.
12. Those Senior educational discussions on life and "where does it get you?" held so often in the Senior Room.
13. "But I was so innocent before I came here."
14. "Beaver, what are *you* doing in here? This is the Ladies' Room!"
15. "Dah, hit the road, Mac!"
16. "Tell me, young lady, do you think it's fair to come to school reeking of smoke?"
17. "Men, watch your step."
18. The retreat of the fur-bearing animals.
19. June seventh and red roses.

Class Prophecy

The reputation of the class of 1944 of the Hartridge School for violent individualism (often ending in riots in the Senior Room) has not been lost in the years gone by. Fate planned their respective careers with a careful hand and made sure that each followed her appointed destiny. And so we are gathered here tonight to get a fleeting glance at the progress of those eleven illustrious Seniors.

"I'm really very fond of my New York penthouse, and I'm a staunch lover of the Great White Way, but anyone would be a downright fool if she didn't envy Mrs. ——, the former Barbie Browne of the neat notebook and riotous humor. Just tell me, who wouldn't give her right arm for a husband endowed with the looks of a Greek god, a little white house with green shutters, a white picket fence, and a yard boasting three old apple trees. What's more, she has two golden-crowned children with the potential features of little Greek gods, who keep their attractive mother constantly on the run. The last time I saw her, she was teaching them the 'AB' language, and they were responding with inherited aptitude."

In the far distant plains of Samauiatta the famous archeologist, Mrs. Marian Vans-Agnew ——, and her equally famous husband, Dr. ——, are uncovering another lost city. Mrs. —— feels sure this was once the home of the missing link. With the same stubborn determination and independence exhibited in Hartridge days, she keeps on digging. Her husband feels certain that it belongs to the Indian who settled there, too tired to go on around the world. Between them they are keeping the scientists, librarians, and reporters in terrific suspense while they go through life wielding picks together.

Broadway, Paris, Chicago, New Orleans, Vienna, London, and everywhere the name of Elamar is known! Tragedy, comedy, satire, or fantasy—Elamar can portray them all. But don't let this illustrious name fool you; it's really Hartridge's one and only Brer Rabbit. To the astonishment of critics, admirers, and the world in general Elamar has told the press she is leaving the cast of that remarkable play, *Vat* 69, which is in its seventh year on Broadway, to produce her own drama. It seems that none of her parts has ever called for a character swathed in heliotrope chiffon and marabou. Says Elamar, "That's one thing I want to do before I die."

Books come and books go, plays come and plays go, and even countesses come and go, but Piercetone, the newly discovered element, goes on forever. Its discoverer, Dr. Joann Pierce, graduate of Hartridge and Cornell, has just been acclaimed the greatest woman scientist since Marie Curie and is a potential candidate for the "Woman of the Year"! Dr. Pierce, after defying the wind and weather of the Montana mountains for several years to get one ounce of this metal, is at last reaping her reward. Tonight she leaves on the clipper to receive the honorary degrees D.S.S., H.P., P.S.S., T.R.D., and C.B.A. at her old alma mater, Cornell.

Through the glass roof of the studio the blazing sun poured, flecking with red-gold the hair of the famous originator of the "Brokaw Pixies." Perched on a high stool, she was surveying with one cool, green eye her latest masterpiece, "Echinacoccus and the Human Mind."

"This one," explained Nannie, "was done from a surrealistic point of view and, to get the proper effect, one must stand at a distance of approximately nine feet with the left shoulder slightly higher than the right. You see," Nannie continued, "one must have just the right slant in order to see Echinacoccus!"

Dr. Mary Ellen —— is not only proving that marriage and a career *do* mix, but she also heads the new "Outdoor School Program," the "Restoration of the Fur-bearing Animals," and the "Committee of Sea Animal Welfare." Concerned that many women thought this way of living impossible, Dr. —— is now writing a book called *Husbands Do Not Hinder.* Even we of Hartridge were surprised at this last occupation, and I still wonder where she finds the time to cure the sick, bring up her children (ages 4 to 8), write a book, and eat dinner with her husband!

As I entered the penthouse I was greeted by the sound of music, muffled by confusion, gaiety, laughter, and the tinkle of ice in tall, frosty glasses. In the midst of the thickest crowd, surrounded by the gayest artists of New York, was the victim of success and acclaim. It was the author of those revolutionary plays that took the public by storm. I heard her exclaim in that famous voice of hers, "But I was born to have fun!" Then I knew Norma hadn't changed since Hartridge days. She had been talking of her future plans abroad. "New York is wonderful," she insists, "but there's still nothing like Paris for inspiration!"

A new story crashed the headlines yesterday: Ex-Countess Camillia Vaint Saint-George Barbelesion, née our own Beverly Braverman, has just bought the beautiful old chateau Carcasonne and is spending her time having it remodeled under personal supervision.

Unlike early mornings in her school days, the Countess now awakes in her satin-quilted, fourteenth century bed with the soft, shell-pink silk sheets (the Countess prefers pastels) and breakfasts on her customary French delicacies. Later she will rise to consider the difficult but urgent problem of decorating her new home. This is the latest: three of her many suites will be done in (1) filmy grey-blue, (2) shy orchid, and (3) her own original creation, champagne saffron.

"I have the hardest time choosing colors which will suit my personality," says our member of nobility. "There is something so jarring about harsh colors in the morning."

The former Lois Lippincott, now known in every American home as the "Chesterfield Girl of the Year," the "Rheingold Girl of the Season," and the "Camay Girl of the Month," amazed family friends and John Powers by tossing up these titles. Her latest is "The Girl I'd Most Like to Be Lost with in 1950."

Said Miss Lippincott in that sweet mysterious voice, "I've decided to give up all this tinsel for the sane realities of life!"

"But what are the realities of life?" I asked impatiently, frightened by Lois's philosophical change.

The final answer, hidden beneath many long and unpronounceable words, revealed that the "sane realities" were a Vermont farm, a ramshackle cottage, two-English setters, and a country doctor thrown in. Yes, the girl with "the skin you love to touch" has finally fallen, and that deep psychological change is just a bad case of love!

After much urging on the part of fans, commentators, and women in general, Miss Evelyn Jacob, the sparkling socialite and writer of that amazing column, "Pourboires sur les Couverts," has finally published the sensational best-seller, *Women vs. Men*. We of Hartridge, of course, are not surprised, as even in her school days Miss Jacob was solving this problem. In fact, we are happy that someone has at last dared to write this controversial novel and has made it a success. Miss Jacob modestly states that it really is not difficult if you only understand the material with which you're working. And we modestly agree.

She carefully washed each of the seven faces and fourteen hands, ran a comb through each curly head, and proceeded to march the seven strapping boys outside to the "Princeton Forever" station wagon. Then she lined them up and called out in that one and only voice, "Charter! Cottage! Colonial! Dial!" This went on up to Quadrangle, called Quby for short. After stopping a scrap between Ivy and Charter—they never did get along—she strapped them safely in and buzzed merrily down to the train to meet her husband, formerly a Princeton halfback.

Said Marcia, when asked how she had accomplished all this and still kept that twinkle of laughter in her eye, "I just keep thinking of the time when I can provide the Princeton football team with a powerhouse, the Republicans with seven more votes, and the Air Corps with a new flying formation."

Last Will and Testament

We, the class of '44, feeling all-powerful as Seniors, do hereby take the liberty of bestowing these various and sundry gifts upon the potential rulers of the Hartridge School. In other words, here is our Last Will and Testament:

Article I. To Audrey, Mary Alice regretfully leaves Central Park at the romantic hour of 5 a.m., feeling sure that she will appreciate New York sunrises. Or maybe she already does?

Article II. Nannie bestows upon Priscilla her pretense at a powerful contralto with the assurance that it is entirely adequate in singing class.

Article III. Joann and Marian considered leaving the Metropolitan to Mary, but on second thought decided that Noel Coward could be transported to England with greater ease than that above-mentioned venerable building.

Article IV. Barbara bequeaths her black sweater to the *whole* Junior Class, knowing that they can all get into it at the same time!

Article V. Evelyn parts with one of her many cigarette cases with the life-long guarantee that it will spare the pockets of Shirley's enviable jackets by keeping the tobacco where the makers meant it to be.

Article VI. Beverly leaves to Jeanie her flashing subway smile, even though she knows that the glamorous ensigns it attracts probably will not be needed.

Article VII. Mary Alice gives to Jean Packard her folding campstool so that Jean will be able to have a seat in the bus on those crowded days.

Article VIII. Unable to find anything material to leave Ellen, Lois passes on her quiet way of getting dates. Maybe *Ellen* will be kind enough to give us a few pointers on this well-worn strategy.

Article IX. Marcia generously relinquishes the stubs of her numerous tickets to Princeton football games. She feels sure that June will be able to maneuver admission somehow.

Article X. Evelyn leaves to Helen the "pleasure" of playing the piano in assembly.

Article XI. All the Seniors, certain that such a resourceful knitter can concoct argyles from eleven such beautiful colors, leave their assorted scraps of wool to Peggy.

Article XII. Norma, after a great deal of persuasion, surrenders her red and white candy-striped socks to Nancy Ann, the only one who really appreciates them.

Article XIII. Mel, feeling that it is entirely on the level to leave a part of her athletic prowess to a White, bequeaths to Flossie her powerful softball swing.

Article XIV. The Junior Class is about to be the proud possessor of our Senior Room with all its facilities. Although it is not particularly conducive to study, we have found that a tremendous amount of other fascinating information may be gathered up there. WARNING: Do not leave any matches around; the evidence is very incriminating.

Senior Statistics

	As We See Ourselves	*As Others See Us*
Best All Around	Browne	Leggett
Wittiest	Leggett	Finninger
Most Popular	Browne	Lippincott
Most Brilliant	Braverman	Braverman
Most Talented	Young	Young
Most Personality	Finninger	Finninger
Most Conscientious	Van Deventer	Pierce
Most Poised	Young	Young
Most Likely to Succeed	Finninger	Finninger
Most Tactful	Vans-Agnew	Finninger
Most Original	Brokaw	Brokaw
Most Sophisticated	Vans-Agnew	Jacob
Most Capable	Finninger	Finninger
Most Absent-minded	Jacob	Young
Most Gullible	Jacob	Brokaw
Most Independent	Vans-Agnew	Vans-Agnew
Most Sincere	Pierce	Brokaw
Most Modest	Brokaw	Van Deventer
Most Striking	Jacob	Braverman
Most Attractive	Braverman	Young
Best Mixer	Lippincott	Finninger
Best Actress on Stage	Young	Finninger
Best Actress off Stage	Young	Young
Prettiest	Lippincott	Lippincott
Done Most for School	Finninger	Finninger
Most Dignified	Vans-Agnew	Vans-Agnew
Most Athletic	Leggett	Browne
Most Dependable	Pierce	Pierce
Most Naive	Brokaw	Brokaw
Most Ambitious	Van Deventer	Leggett
Most Indifferent	Young	Van Deventer
Best Dancer	Finninger	Jacob
Revolutionist	Finninger	Finninger
Most Marriageable	Van Deventer	Lippincott

Class Favorites

Magazine	*New Yorker*
Movie	"Casablanca"
Play	"Private Lives"
Stage Actor	Danny Kaye, Raymond Massey
Movie Actor	Cary Grant
Popular Song	"Where or When"
Perfume	Taboo, Cobra
Author	A. A. Milne
Color	"Sinewy black with the blue men like"
Car	Norma's
Radio Program	Mr. Anthony's
Boys' Prep School	Lawrenceville
Girls' Prep School	Hartridge
Boys' College	Princeton
Girls' College	Smith
Newspaper	*The Mirror!*
Book	*Winnie the Pooh!*
New York Store	Lord and Taylor
Indoor Sport	Eating
Outdoor Sport	Swimming
School Period	Time spent in Senior Room
Poet	John Masefield
Flower	Venus Fly Trap
Opera	"La Traviata"
Recording	"Body and Soul"
Cartoonist	Peter Arno
Cigarettes	Strictly O. P.'s
Drink	Frosteds
Animal	Wolf
Orchestra	Benny Goodman
Occupation	Waiting for ——?

Most Perfect Senior

Hair ..... Marcia Van Deventer

Eyebrows ..... Mary Ellen Leggett

Eyes ..... Norma Finninger

Nose ..... Evelyn Jacob

Smile ..... Lois Lippincott

Complexion ..... Mary Alice Young

Figure ..... Barbara Browne

Waist ..... Joann Pierce

Legs ..... Beverly Braverman

Voice ..... Marian Vans-Agnew

Hands ..... Nanette Brokaw

Superlatives

Hair	Gretchen Beyer
Eyes	Ellen Fezandié
Eyelashes	Patsy Gray
Nose	Joan Henwood
Smile	Patsy Anne Ivins
Figure	Ellen Fezandié
Legs	Ellen Fezandié
Hands	Nancy Mulford
Humor	Helen Bishop
Pep	Martha Jane Young
Poise	Shirley Burke

School Calendar

September 15—School days are happy days; so it is said!

October 15—Everything is under control. Just like the monkey-house at the zoo. It's funny how we just can't forget those summer days.

October 20—"The cussingest, chair-flingingest, drinkingest community on Greasy Creek!" That was Pine Mountain, but Alice Cobb also shows us what a wonderful place it is today.

November 3—The Sixth and Seventh Grades entertain us in assembly with *The Sentimental Scarecrow* and *Daniel Boone, Patriot*, giving us vivid glimpses into rural and pioneer life. Sue Randolph's war dance will go down in Hartridge history.

November 6—Field day. Hartridge plays host to the best hockey players from five of Northern New Jersey's schools. Are we proud of Patty Wight!

November 10—Today the Dramatic Club descends into the realm of the earth-worm. A very fascinating place we find it to be, but it really can't be very nice to whack your head on a hefty root every time you walk around the dining-room table.

November 13—Hartridge-Kent Place hockey game. Score: 4—4. Miracles have a way of happening! It's hard to tell who was the more surprised.

November 15—Lieutenant Kestenbaum tells of his dangerous and thrilling experiences while on missions over Germany.

November 25—Thanksgiving vacation!

December 1—A divine French accent and snappy sports jackets take Hartridge by storm. Monsieur Jean Stec scores a major triumph, and the speech class swoons.

December 2—"If the tinfoil comes off the sodium, stand back." Joann stands back. There is a loud explosion, and the science room is thick with flying glass and pungent fumes. Chemistry sounds exciting.

December 15—Dedication of the Chemistry Laboratory to Miss Hartridge by the Alumnae Association.

December 17—The beginning of Christmas vacation is celebrated by a beautiful performance of *Holy Night*, and the Glee Club outdoes itself.

January 12—"What am I going to say to Miss ——? I haven't even cracked a book." Who said vacations were restful and relaxing!

January 28—Excursion to the Met for *Mignon*.

January 30 - February 4—Exams and more exams.

February 4 - February 6—The energetic escape to Sky Top, the Seniors descend on Paul Robeson, and many merely crawl home to bed.

February 9—Evelyn pays eighty-five cents for one large safety pin during the Community Service auction. Ouch!

February 16—Shakespeare turns in his grave, as the Dramatic Club starts rehearsing.

March 1—A quick jump from New Hampshire to Chicago!

March 6—A pair of Adler Elevator shoes treads the sacred precincts of Hartridge. The Annual pictures get taken in record time in spite of the diversion.

March 8—The Seventh Grade presents *Cinderella* in French, and the First Academic presents *The Necklace* and *Rip Van Winkle*. We take note of many new stars for the Dramatic Club.

March 15—Red Cross Rally. Miss Huyler gives a grand speech.

March 17—Spring vacation with plenty of time for play and sleep. Shakespeare proves to be very demanding, however, and the gym remains a scene of frenzied activity.

March 29—Miss Hurrey tells us that we have exactly fifty more school days. We're on the last lap.

March 31—Oh, the shame of it! Never has a caste misbehaved so. The dress rehearsal, and everyone giggles. Pull yourselves together, girls!

April 1—Stray pieces of beard on the floor, powder thick on the lunchroom tables, and a packed auditorium mark the presentation of *The Taming of the Shrew*. It is a wonderful performance, and a gay time is had by all.

April 3—Four young males wander blithely all over the school and all over the grass, insisting that they are looking for Mademoiselle. Well, II's, what are you so happy about?

April 5—(a) This is the last straw. Snow!

(b) Piano recital by Emmet Volks. We admire his playing and his poise in a girls' school atmosphere.

(c) "Why do we commemorate Good Friday?"

April 6—Eyes gleam at the thought of a long week-end.

April 12—Ensign Elizabeth Ivins, Hartridge '36, tells us of work and fun in the WAVES.

April 15—Saturday. College Board Exams.

April 17—A bright remark to a Senior: "Did you hear *The Elks' Parade* on the 'Make-Believe Ballroom' last Saturday?" Are you kidding?

April 19—The Hat Parade: colorful and unique head gear designed by Miss Tennant and modeled by Hartridge girls.
Spelling Bee: congratulations to Bev!

April 20—We are greatly honored to have Lieutenant Commander Grim of the WAVES come to Hartridge to speak to us.

April 21—The Annual goes to press.

ACADEMIC

Dear Carol,
Stay the way you are and everyone will always love you.
love
Janie

Student Council

Norma Finninger	*President*
Mary Alice Young	*Vice-President*
Joann Pierce	*Secretary-Treasurer*
Marian Vans-Agnew	*Fifth Academic Representative*
Peggy Johnston	*Fourth Academic Representative*
Esther Borow	*Third Academic Representative*
Jane Cole	*Second Academic Representative*
Carolyn Brokaw	*First Academic Representative*
Frances Hurrey	*Faculty Adviser*
Mary Corwin	*Faculty Adviser*

Fourth Academic

Florence Runyon—*President*
Shirley Burke—*Vice-President*
June Coan—*Secretary-Treasurer*

Mary Alden
Helen Bishop
Shirley Burke
June Coan
Ellen Fezandié
Audrey Jacob
Peggy Johnston
Jean Martwick
Nancy Mulford
Jean Packard
Florence Runyon
Priscilla Tietjen

Third Academic

Marilyn Baker—*President*
Joan Kelly—*Secretary-Treasurer*

Marilyn Baker
Dorothy Baxter
Gretchen Beyer
Marjorie Bishop
Esther Borow
Helen Buttfield
Joan Henwood
Frances Hummel
Joan Kelly
Virginia Linke
Wesley Martin
Mary Rock
Harriette Stuart
Mary Valiant

Dear Mygatt,
Next year lets have those "fun" study halls again and if Miss Goddard butt in, well, we'll show her the love, Best

Dear "Skunk",
Gosh, we've had fun this year - next year anyway, we'll be back next year and we'll turn the school inside out. Next year, if nothing else, we can start with a new class

Hi, Carol Kuentz! Picture conditions unbearable! Can't even comb hair. Can't even comb this summer. Can't even comb to the Kentucky Derby. Can't even turn on all four burners. Can't even turn on the oven. Can't even turn on the radio. Can't even turn on the fan. Can't even turn on the air conditioner. Can't even turn on the vacuum cleaner. Can't even turn on the dishwasher. Can't even turn on the garbage disposal. Can't even turn on the electric can opener. Can't even turn on the electric knife. Can't even turn on the electric blanket. Can't even turn on the electric toothbrush. Can't even turn on the electric shaver. Can't even turn on the electric typewriter. Can't even turn on the electric pencil sharpener. Can't even turn on the electric fence. Can't even turn on the electric chair. Can't even turn on the electric light. Can't even turn on the electric razor. Can't even turn on the electric heater. Can't even turn on the electric mixer. Can't even turn on the electric clock. Can't even turn on the electric guitar. Can't even turn on the electric eel. Can't even turn on the electric shock. Can't even turn on the electric bill. Can't even turn on the electric bed. Can't even turn on the electric chair. Can't even turn on the electric light. Can't even turn on the electric razor. Can't even turn on the electric heater. Can't even turn on the electric mixer. Can't even turn on the electric clock. Can't even turn on the electric guitar. Can't even turn on the electric eel. Can't even turn on the electric shock. Can't even turn on the electric bill. Can't even turn on the electric bed.

Dear Mygatt("Mug!")
Don't ever say "Lumbrago" all "wat 8-tere" haw to use nicz lan-quage!!! Love "Poo"

Second Academic

Patsy Anne Ivins—*President*
Betsy Zerega—*Vice-President*
Patty Wight—*Secretary-Treasurer*

Polly Barr	Carol Kuentz
Barbara Begert	Leslie Muskat
Elise Besthoff	Carol Mygatt
Joan Burke	Joanna Voorhis
Jane Cole	Patty Wight
Barbara Dawson	Joan Windatt
Kathanne Harter	Martha Jane Young
Patsy Anne Ivins	Betsy Zerega

Dear Carol,
I still have "Flatty" even if he is dead - I will always remember you by him
Love
Dear Carol,
Will maybe I can graduate if the study hall is there
Sometimes when I have a bad day I wish I had a blade so I could slit my throat.
I hope you didn't mind about me using your name.
Bye
Patsy

Dear Carol,
You don't need to pay me back for the cac. I hope you come back next year. "I'll be seeing you." (ed)
Best of luck,
Joanie

First Academic

Jane Elliott—*President*
Carol Haye—*Vice-President*
Patty Nash—*Secretary-Treasurer*

Carolyn Brokaw
Mary Darsie
Jane Elliott
Ruth Frank
Patty Gray
Carol Haye
Donna Martwick
Anne Morrell
Patty Nash
Virginia Rausch
Jane Scott
Polly Steele
Betty Van Buren
Joan Williams

Elementary

Seventh Grade

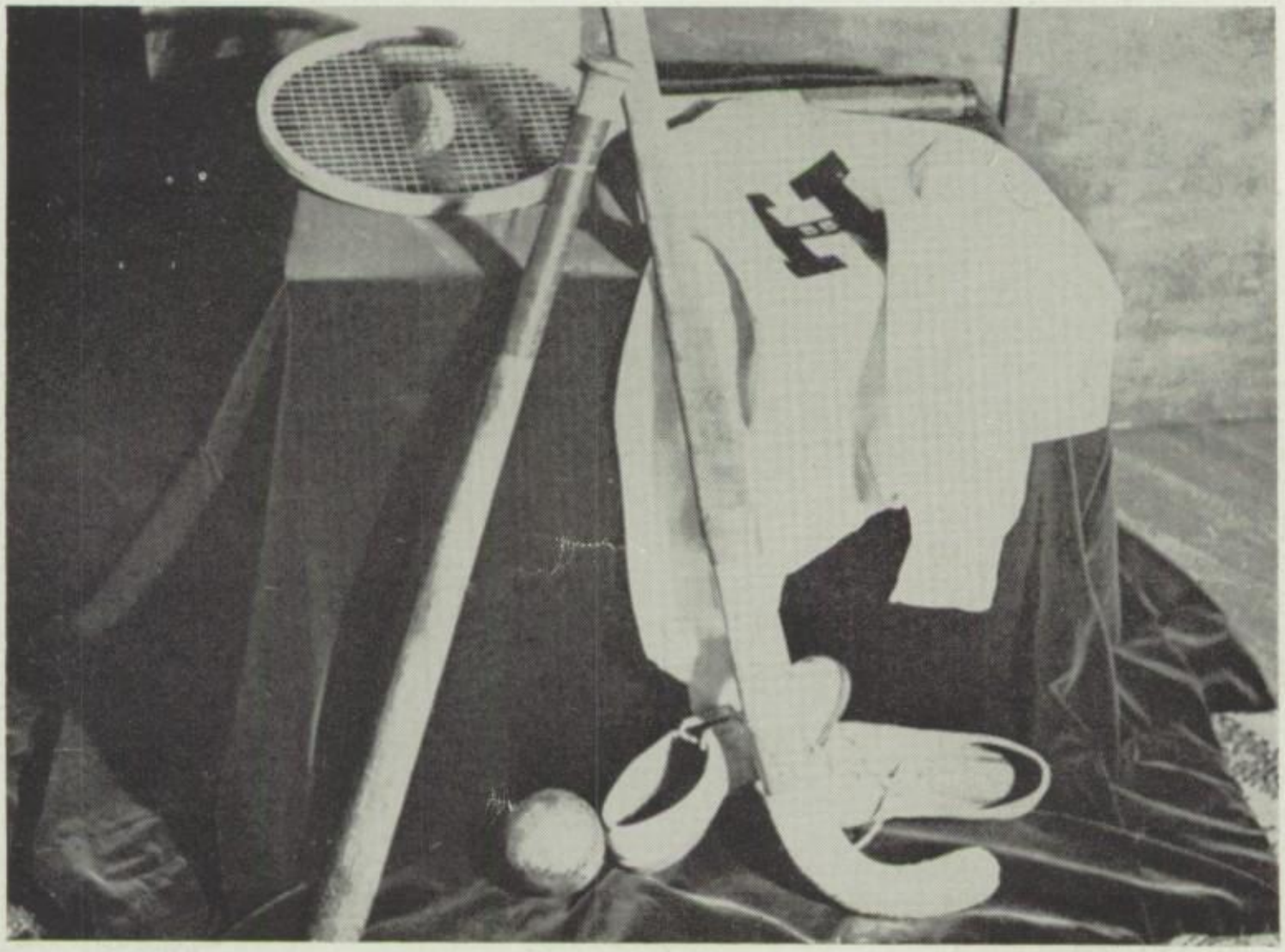
Sprague du Bois
Francine Jupp
Kitty Ladd
Joy Mooney
Patsy Perry
Susanne Randolph
Magreta Volk

Sixth Grade

Cynthia Barr
Jon Besthoff
Dale Bishop
Ellen Brockway
Anne Conley
Lee Elliott
Martha Jane McAuliffe
Elizabeth Pfannmuller
Cornelia Pierce
Fairfax Urner

Dear Carol, Ugly, oh! me. There U is. Wish we lived near
each other. love, Leslie.
P.S. U wish you luck.

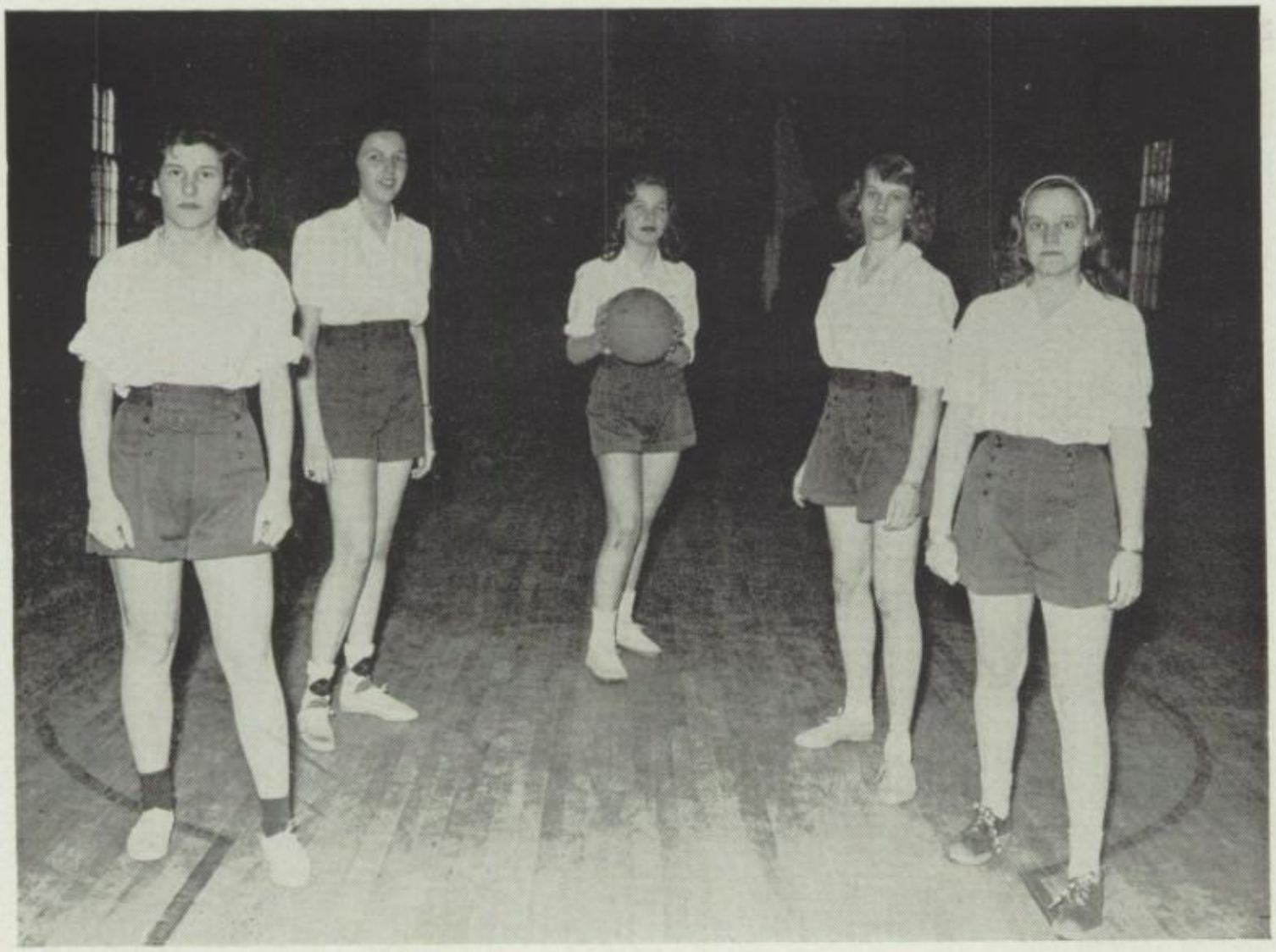
SPORTS



Varsity Hockey Team

Mary Ellen Leggett
Barbara Browne
Gretchen Beyer
Helen Bishop
Joan Henwood
Norma Finninger
Peggy Johnston
Ellen Fezandié
Marcia Van Deventer
Patty Wight
Martha Jane Young
Florence Runyon

Nanette Brokaw



Varsity Basketball Team

Barbara Browne
Martha Jane Young
Mary Ellen Leggett
Peggy Johnston
Patsy Anne Ivins

Green Hockey Team

Barbara Browne
Gretchen Beyer
Martha Jane Young
Betsy Zerega
Norma Finninger
Evelyn Jacob
Patty Wight
Marcia Van Deventer
Donna Martwick
Marilyn Baker
Priscilla Tietjen
Jane Scott
Marian Vans-Agnew
Esther Borow

Dearest Carol,
Please don't be bad next year! Have party on me!! Do that +
I'll love ya',
Peggy

White Hockey Team

Peggy Johnston	Beverly Braverman
Nanette Brokaw	Ellen Fezandié
Florence Runyon	Mary Ellen Leggett
Virginia Rausch	Patsy Anne Ivins
Joan Henwood	Helen Bishop
Joanna Voorhis	Barbara Dawson

Anne Morrell

Dear Mug,
Isn't this a cute picture! (Don't answer that)
I really do think you're one of the nicest
girls in the class so please come back next
year and bring all those men for gosh sakes!!

Good bye
and be
bad,
Pat

Green Basketball Team

Barbara Browne
Evelyn Jacob
Marcia Van Deventer
Gretchen Beyer
Martha Jane Young
Patty Wight
Carol Kuentz

Dear Myatt,
Hope you don't fall off that end of the seesaw
Be sure and keep Bob on the boy up
when you going this summer I know you
will have windy

White Basketball Team

Helen Bishop
Mary Ellen Leggett
Peggy Johnston
Patsy Anne Ivins
Florence Runyon
Joan Windatt

SPORTS

Imagine the amazement of the varsity hockey team when we were greeted at Kent Place by a ringing "Too bad you are going to lose today." They *were* good. They got their four goals right away, but in the last half, fighting with the good old Hartridge spirit, we tied the score.

To the disappointment of both teams we couldn't play our annual basketball game with Kent Place. Gas rationing, you know.

Ties were in fashion this season. The Green and White hockey was a close 1—1. Naturally we couldn't leave it that way, and on the second effort the Whites were victorious with a final score of 1—0.

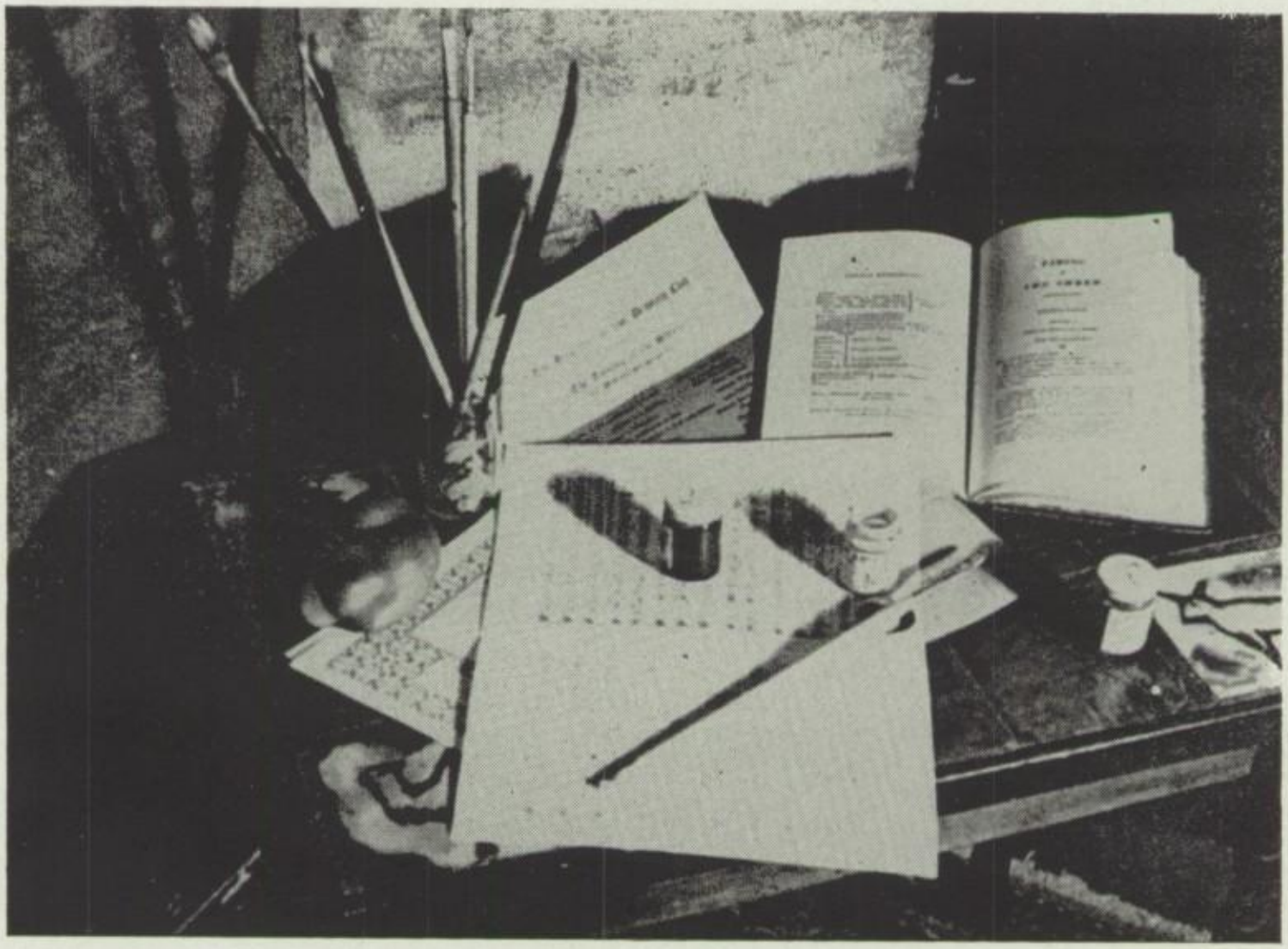
The Greens retaliated by sinking thirteen baskets to the Whites' eight in the basketball game.

This year we played a series of exciting class games in hockey and basketball. In the final clinch of the hockey games, much to the embarrassment of the Senior Class, that athletic team of II's beat them. It was very close, though.

Much to the disgust of the II's, the Seniors succeeded in winning the basketball game.

The faculty challenged the varsity basketball team one fine day in April. Last year they won; this year the score was 38—4. Need we say more?

CLUBS



Glee Club

Marian Vans-Agnew—*President*
Beverly Braverman—*Secretary-Treasurer*
Charlotte L. Garden—*Director*

V

Beverly Braverman
Evelyn Jacob
Mary Ellen Leggett
Marian Vans-Agnew
Mary Alice Young

IV

Mary Alden
Helen Bishop
June Coan
Audrey Jacob
Peggy Johnston
Jean Packard
Florence Runyon

III

Marilyn Baker
Dorothy Baxter
Gretchen Beyer
Esther Borow
Joan Henwood

II

Barbara Begert
Kathanne Harter
Patsy Anne Ivins
Martha Jane Young
Betsy Zerega

I

Carol Haye
Donna Martwick
Patty Nash
Jane Scott

THE CHOIR

Mary Alden
Beverly Braverman
June Coan
Evelyn Jacob
Mary Ellen Leggett
Jean Packard
Marian Vans-Agnew
Mary Alice Young

Dramatic Club

Mary Alice Young—*President*
Shirley Burke—*Treasurer*
Elsie Goddard—*Director*

V

Beverly Braverman
Norma Finninger
Lois Lippincott
Marian Vans-Agnew
Mary Alice Young

IV

Mary Alden
Helen Bishop
Priscilla Tietjen

III

Marilyn Baker
Marjorie Bishop
Joan Henwood
Joan Kelly
Harriette Stuart
Mary Valiant

II

Polly Barr
Jane Cole
Patsy Anne Ivins
Patty Wight
Joan Windatt

BACKSTAGE

Esther Borow
Joan Burke
Shirley Burke
Helen Butfield
Jean Martwick
Nancy Mulford
Marcia Van Deventer

Dear Carol —
Well another morn and another
exam and I'm a physical mess - Have fun
with a certain senior - love + love "Joe"

Dear Carol
good luck
in your
Exams! I
was never
so surpris
to see you
last night
love
Janie

Art Club

Nanette Brokaw—*President*
Nancy Mulford—*Secretary-Treasurer*
Elsie Nelson—*Faculty Adviser*

V

Nanette Brokaw
Barbara Browne
Norma Finninger

IV

Ellen Fezandié
Jean Martwick
Nancy Mulford

III

Gretchen Beyer
Marjorie Bishop
Helen Buttfield
Harriette Stuart

II

Polly Barr
Jane Cole
Joanna Voorhis

I

Carolyn Brokaw
Jane Elliott
Carol Haye
Elizabeth Van Buren

Library Committee

Joann Pierce—*Chairman*
Shirley Burke—*Treasurer*
Janet B. Fine—*Faculty Adviser*

V

Nanette Brokaw
Norma Finninger
Joann Pierce
Marcia Van Deventer

IV

Mary Alden
Shirley Burke
June Coan

III

Marilyn Baker
Joan Kelly
Wesley Martin
Harriette Stuart

Red Cross Committee

Beverly Braverman ..... *Fifth Academic Representative*
Helen Bishop ..... *Fourth Academic Representative*
Wesley Martin ..... *Third Academic Representative*
Elise Besthoff ..... *Second Academic Representative*
Mary Darsie ..... *First Academic Representative*
Magreta Volk ..... *Seventh Grade Representative*
Martha Jane McAuliffe ..... *Sixth Grade Representative*
Sally Henry ..... *Fifth Grade Representative*
Virginia Huyler ..... *Faculty Adviser*

The Hartridge School
April 17, 1944

Dear Uncle Sam,

During this important war year, our school has tried to do its part in the effort to speed the allied victory. We think that perhaps you will be interested in hearing about some of our activities.

Every Thursday morning we have a war bond and stamp drive. Thanks to the 100 per cent co-operation of the girls, our army can now boast a brand new ambulance.

We have also done a good deal of work for the Red Cross. We feel that we have a special responsibility here, for Miss Hartridge was the founder of the Junior Red Cross, which, as you know, is now nation-wide. Also the president of our Board of Trustees, Mr. J. P. Stevens, Jr., was the chairman of the successful Red Cross drive in New York City. In addition to our regular Junior Red Cross membership, we held an emergency drive and raised $176.77. The Juniors were outstanding because alone they contributed $43.00. We have also contributed an additional sum by giving up desserts at lunch one day a week. Besides these donations we have also helped by knitting socks, mittens, and afghans, as well as rolling bandages, sewing utility bags, and making favors for the men stationed at Camp Kilmer.

Our tin can drive was a great success. Although every class did well, the Freshmen's huge weekly pile was a source of constant amazement.

Our Community Service Committee, in charge of war relief, did much to aid the Chinese and the Russian cause and the American Friends' Service by giving them the proceeds of auctions and cake sales. At Christmas time, this committee undertook a difficult task—that of feeding and clothing four needy Plainfield families. We worked hard on this project and were proud of our results.

Next year we hope to help even more, because we realize that everything counts toward achieving final victory.

Patriotically yours,

The Hartridge School.

LITERARY

Fourth-Fifth Academic Prize Theme

IF ON THE WAY I FAIL

I'd like to tell you about her now; it seems easier. From the minute she was born I knew her life would be a long, hard struggle. This is strange for a mother to say, but I can't explain it. There was always that feeling inside me. Her coming was long and hard, as was her adolescence, and in all her actions she never quite reached the apex of her ambitions.

Sara was a quiet child with gangly limbs and dull blonde hair. She was never very well, but she wasn't nervous as most weak children are. Her eyes were big and brown with a deep understanding look that said, "I will always try, and if on the way I fail, I'll start all over again."

The first day Sara went to school she clung to my hand until we got to the door. I knew she was scared but tried not to let on that I did. She didn't turn to me with frightened eyes and beg to go home like so many other little boys and girls around us. She squeezed my hand a little and walked steadily into her room alone and unafraid. I cried a little because I was like every mother, who, watching her child take the first step toward independence, felt the protective bond between mother and daughter break.

Sara didn't go out for sports. The teachers felt her health wouldn't permit her to withstand any strenuous exercise. Her studies kept her busy through her school years and she became a good student. The lack of any social life prompted her to study during her week-ends and vacations. In the summer she begged to go to a summer school. I wanted to send her to camp where she could come in contact with more girls, but she said that friends did not come easily to her and she felt her time would be wasted because of her health, so she went to a French school in Connecticut and worked steadily all summer. In her Senior year she spent her last summer there and for the first time she showed an interest in another person. A young teacher at the school had helped her considerably with her studies, and through their work they had become attracted. She wrote him for a while. Maybe the knowledge that she had made a friend kindled a fire within her, for she seemed to glow with a light shining from her eyes. Then the letters ceased to come, and later by the paper she learned of his engagement. As suddenly as the flame had started, it was snuffed out.

Her graduation was the biggest moment of her life, I think. We were all so sure of her success. John and I sat in the second row of the auditorium and watched the diplomas being handed out. The awards for scholarships were about to be announced, and I was anxious and strained. She was not on the list, and for a moment I couldn't look at her because my heart was bleeding and I wanted to cry out, but I lifted my head and there she was with the same understanding look in her steady face.

John squeezed his purse to send her to college the next year. She wanted to go. I helped her look through catalogues and we visited a few of the colleges. On returning from one of these trips, the engine of our bus caught fire and we were all forced out. The driver and a few men were trying to put it out when the earth suddenly shook with an explosion. The driver was at my feet writhing with pain. Sara went calmly to him, but suddenly she was without knowledge, helpless when she was most needed. This opened to her a new field of learning. Soon she entered a school of nursing.

Sara had really changed. I don't mean in her looks, for she was still thin and she was never good-looking, but she was stronger. You could see it in her hands and face. She graduated first in her class. The ceremony was a simple one, and my heart swelled with pride. I looked her straight in the eye, but she wasn't triumphant. She had that same steady look. This was not yet her goal.

She worked in our home town hospital and did a good job, and I think she felt it too. She had a two-week vacation that winter. With war clouds gathering over our heads she stayed right at home, for even in her new work, friends didn't come easily. We were sitting in front of the fire, John and I, when the news of Pearl Harbor broke. Sara walked swiftly into the room and we both looked up at her suddenly as you are inclined to do when a sharp sound penetrates a warm silence. Moving out of the shadows, her face flushed, her eyes flashing, came Sara. This was her chance.

While the rest of the world recovered from the shock of Pearl Harbor, Sara enlisted and went through a short period of training. The need for nurses was so great that she was sent off to the islands almost immediately.

We were allowed to go to the boat with her. I don't know why; maybe it was the doubt that the Japanese could get near enough to cause any trouble. We stood with her silently because we couldn't say anything. The things that I wanted to say had escaped me, and fear had taken their place. She stood straight and perfect in her uniform as long as I saw her. She kissed us both, squeezed my hand a little, and walked steadily on to the ship, alone and unafraid. She stood by the railing, and through the crowd I could see her eyes steady and determined. She looked almost beautiful. The boys started singing then, and I lost her through my tears. Maybe this time with all her strength she would reach it.

I tell you this now because when the telegram came, I realized that she was killed before she had had a chance. I only pray that somewhere, some day, she will find her glory.

J. M., '45.

First-Second-Third Academic Prize Theme

THE BLUE KERCHIEF

The day was clear and bright; the breeze was gently blowing the red checked curtains of the Lonstrom kitchen. It was a wonderful day for one's birthday, Anna thought. She was twelve today, and Eric had promised to take her to the village in his boat. This was one of the things Anna wanted to do most in the world. She loved her brother dearly, but underneath, way down inside, she worshiped him, for Eric wasn't like anyone else. To go skimming across the water in his boat was—well, just the thought of it made her heart race. She could hardly eat her breakfast, for her excitement was bubbling over, and her stomach just didn't seem to exist any more.

By noon the day had completely changed; the sky was overcast with voluminous black clouds, and a blustery wind was rising in the north. Eric said he didn't think he ought to take the boat out, and disappointment crept over his sister's round face. She said nothing as he went to put the boat away but followed in his footsteps. As she stood on the dock the howling wind blew her blonde hair, wet from the sea spray, against her despondent face, and its power forced her full clothes against her body. She cried above the pounding surf, "But you promised, Eric, you promised!"

Something in her voice made Eric stop and think. He had promised, and the storm probably wouldn't break for a good many hours; with this wind it might even blow over. But his better judgment told him, "You know it won't blow over. Don't take her!" And the screeching gulls circling above seemed to say, "You promised, you promised, you promised." His mind went around in a turmoil, "You promised, don't take her, you promised, don't take her, you promised." Finally he raised his head and yelled to her, "All right, go get ready." She fairly flew to the house, the wind behind her, pushing her, and in a few minutes returned ready, with her new blue birthday kerchief over her yellow curls.

Back in the kitchen Momma was getting a beautiful cake ready for dinner. She had been thinking about her children, how fast they had grown, and how time flew. Suddenly to her surprise she was conscious of the dark overcast sky and of the whistling wind as it whipped around the corner of the house and beat against the windows and doors. She went to get a lantern and stood at the window, in the fading light, adjusting it. Outside the trees were black giants swaying back and forth, bending in the wind; the ocean was hammering on the beach, and the white caps were distinct in contrast with the cold, black sea.

All night the wind howled and wailed, all night the rain fell, and all night Momma and Papa were out looking for their children. The anxious parents were cold and wet; their drenched clothes clung to their numb bodies. The powerful wind blew the salty, stinging rain in their faces, but they held the lanterns high in their swollen hands. The strength of the wind blew them out time and time again, and the two groped and stumbled on the rocks in the dark, relighting them.

In the steel-gray bleak dawn Momma suddenly screamed. There at her feet lay a wet, blue, birthday kerchief.

M.R., '46.

Sue Randolph handed in the only theme from the Sixth and Seventh Grades. This was an interesting story, "Lifeboat," which we think worthy of a prize. We are sorry that its length prevents us from printing this story.

Miss Hurrey's Commencement Address

1943

The atmosphere of a group comes in great part from the spirit of the individuals who compose it. So the spirit of your class has come from within each one of you. But the influence of a group goes far beyond the individuals in it. I thought of this the other day as I was looking at the new green shoot of a plant. As I observed it more closely I saw that this section of the plant was in reality made up of two parts—one that was to stay with the old root and strengthen it, the other that was to go on to form the new leaf. I like to think of you in this way. The memory of what you have done these years at Hartridge will stay here and help to strengthen all of us. Your friendly spirit which this school values most highly, your co-operation, your thoughtfulness, and your strength of character will both remain with us, and go on with each one of you to help others.

So—I have little fear for your future. You have well proved qualities which you have shown to us here—qualities that will guide you in whatever changing situations you may find yourselves. We shall all miss you, but you go forth with my complete confidence that you hold within each one of you the Hartridge traditions and that you will carry them successfully into the world outside.

The members of the class of 1943 were:

Edith Copp
Edith Goddard
Anne Gray
Marjorie O'Loughlin
Mary Quarles
Elizabeth Rausch
Barbara Weigel
Elizabeth Ann Whitehead

Service Roll

FACULTY

Betty Brokaw, '43 ..... Ensign, WAVES
Barbara Gummere, '43 ..... Red Cross, Ireland

ALUMNAE

Graham Offut Cleaver, '19 ..... Red Cross, England, Ireland
Gertrude Joy Grim, '22 ..... Lieutenant Commander, WAVES
Elizabeth Miller, '26 ..... Private First Class, WACS
Mildred Stewart, '30 ..... Ensign, WAVES
Janet Lewis, '33 ..... USNC, Overseas
Norma Anderson, '34 ..... Red Cross
Betty Brokaw, '34 ..... Ensign, WAVES
Caroline Douglas, '34 ..... Private, WACS
Estelle Taylor, '35 ..... Ensign, WAVES
Mary Clay, '36 ..... WASPS
Betty Ivins, '36 ..... Ensign, WAVES
Louise Hunn Barker, '38 ..... Lieutenant Junior Grade, WAVES
Mary Alice Gresham, '38 ..... Women's Air Force
Alicia Frost, '39 ..... Royal Canadian Motor Service
Jean Haydock, '39 ..... WASPS
Karla Yepsen, '39 ..... SPARS
Peggy Grubb, '41 ..... Special Technician Third Class, WAVES

Gifts, 1943 - 1944

Plainfield War Fund	$ 45.00
Christmas baskets for four families	62.84
Bonnie Burn	5.00
Bonnie Brae	5.00
Children's Ward, Muhlenberg Hospital	5.00
Pine Mountain School	10.00
Junior Red Cross Memberships	28.00
American Red Cross	176.77
*Balance on hand	446.50
Total	$784.11

* For China Relief, Russian Relief, American Friends Service Committee, and World Student Service Fund.

At Christmas we gave clothes to four families—a total of forty people—and to the Charity Organization. We have also sent clothes to the A.F.S.C.

ALUMNAE

ENGAGEMENTS

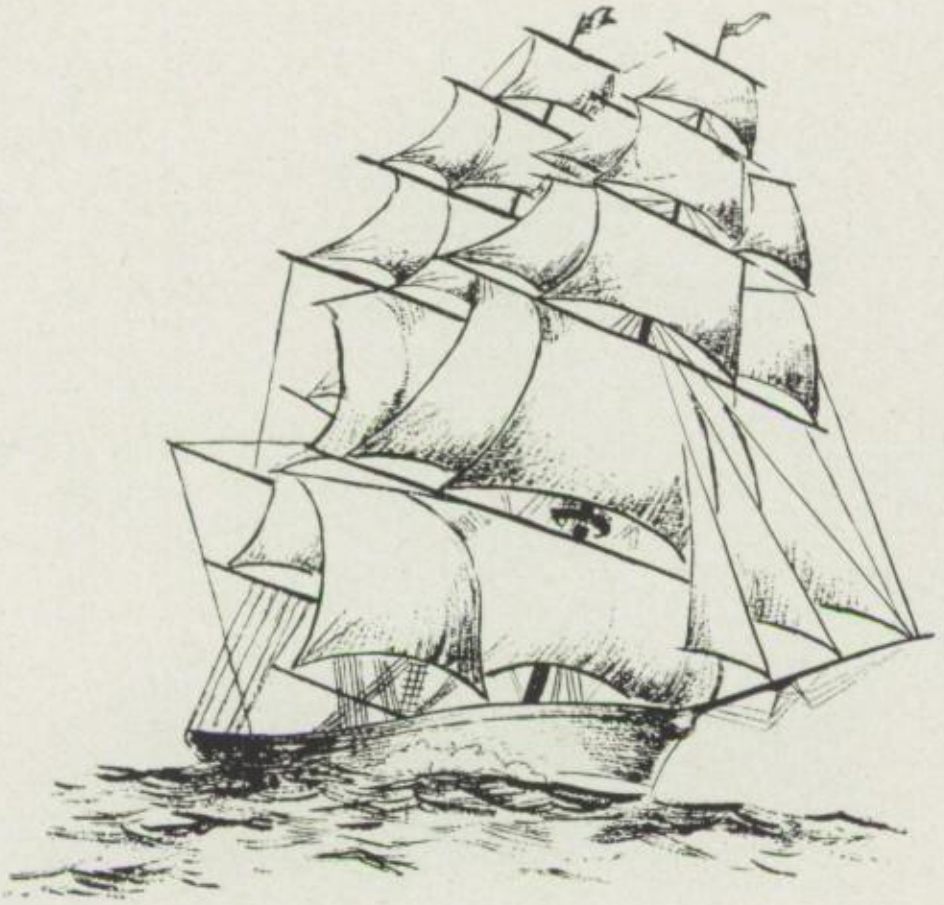
PATRICIA RENTSLER TO HUGH McCULLOCH, JR.
MARY JANE GOODMAN TO ALFRED E. MILLER
MARY ELIZABETH HETHERINGTON TO JOHN EDWIN LUTZ, II
DANA TREWIN TO C. BENSON WIGTON, JR.
KATHRYN E. MORRIS TO DAVID GAGE SMITH
LOUISE MORSE TO ANDREW MELLICK TWEEDY, JR.
URSULA FISK TO CHARLES CLOUGH
CAROL KOOS TO BRUCE RICHARD ENDERWOOD
BETTY LEE DAUBENSPECK TO PAUL CARL, JR.

MARRIAGES

EMILY ROWLAND TO ROSWELL RICHARDSON CHILDERS
RUTH WEIR TO HAROLD STUART WOOD
ELIZABETH COATES TO HAROLD GRANT MORSE
DEMETRIA ANN HAMILTON TO ALDEN REVERE LOOSLI
MARJORIE O'LOUGHLIN TO EDWARD WATSON
RUTH G. FINNINGER TO CHARLES W. PROCTOR
JANE MAXSON TO JOHN WOODMAN WEST
LOUISE HUNN TO EDWARD BARKER
JEAN BARLOW TO WILLIAM RAVENEL PEELLE
MARGUERITE M. SMITH TO KENNETH HAZEN SCOTT
BARBARA SMITH TO EDWIN M. SCOTT
BETTY TWEEDY TO EDWIN M. SYKES
CARTER CLAYBROOK TO GORDON BADGER BOOTH
BARBARA CLAWSON TO FRANKLIN DANIELS HENDERSON
DOROTHEA RICE TO EDWARD BROWNING
BETSY ROYAL TO JAMES WOOD BURCH
JOSEPHINE LARGE TO NELSON STROWBRIDGE TALBOT, JR.
JANE BRAND TO CHESTER CHARLES BURLEY
NANCY RAUSCH TO ROBERT HASTINGS LOUNSBURY
BARBARA RAUSCH TO PETER PRIESTER
JANE TREGLOWN TO GEORGE TREGLOWN
ELIZABETH CORIELL TO WALTER EDWARD LEAMACE, JR.
CAROLYN WARING TO ROBERT MacLEOD
MARY ELIZABETH SHOEMAKER TO G. THOMAS MATLACK MINER
LOUISE H. HOY TO AMOS B. SHARRETTS
DIANA REYNOLDS ADAMS TO THOMAS FRANCIS POWERS
CLARISSA WELLS TO JOHN FLETCHER
ELIZABETH DOUGLAS TO ROGER SHERMAN MAKEPEACE
ELIZABETH SWEET TO CHARLES MARTIN

BIRTHS

THELMA DUEMLER DONLEY, A SON
JANE WHITE YOUNG, A SON
HELEN CUFF EGAN, A SON
JOANNE FARGO FOSTER, A DAUGHTER
CATHERINE MELLICK GILPIN, A SON
FRANCES PRESTON HALE, A SON
ROSEMARY FINNEY EDMONSTON, A SON
MARJORIE OPDYKE McVICKAR, A SON
MARY E. SHOEMAKER MINER, A SON
NANETTE HOY NICKERSON, A DAUGHTER
JEAN WIGTON STUART, A SON
DOROTHEA LATHAM WARING, A DAUGHTER
NAN LAING COCHRAN, A SON
DOROTHY MADSEN GENUNG, A SON
JEANNE ALLING SWEENEY, A SON
BARBARA MASON BARLOW, A SON
MARGARET WIGHT BERRY, A SON
JEANETTE SMITH RHODES, A SON



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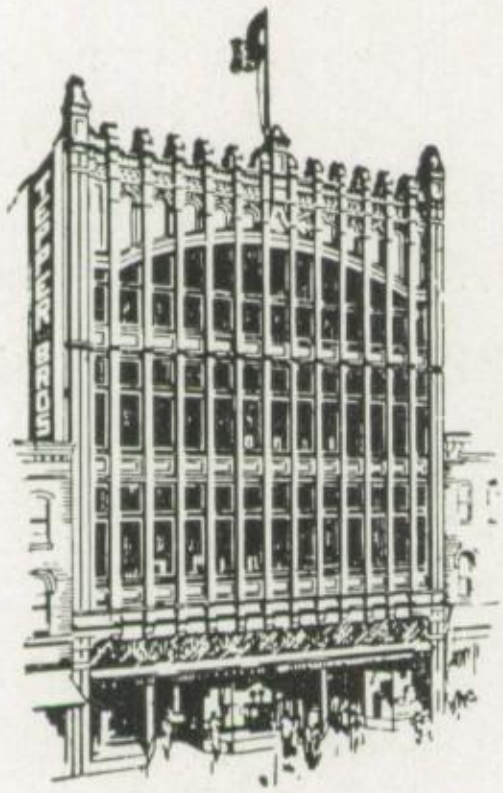

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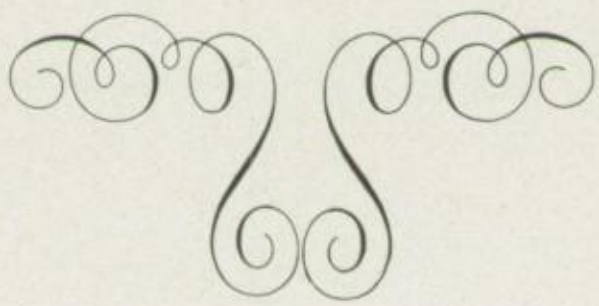

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